# The NEW PLAYS

## "A Fool There Was" Reverses the "Easiest Way."

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

NOW will you be good? If you won't, sinful sir, beware!—for "A Fool There Was" at the Liberty Theatre last night paid the penalty, and even Manager Frederic Thompson's innocent young hat shed raindrops before the worst was over.

Everything went to emphasize the danger of Kipling—who didn't write "An Englishman's Home," for the very good reason that he finds life more exciting in regions that cannot be reached by the white-flannelled week-ender. But, as you may remember, he did write "The Vampire," a thing to suck the oil out of the midnight lamp and leave it feeble and flickering.

Porter Emerson Browne remembered this when he filled his fountain pen with the blood of an iron-gray "family man" and followed Kipling to the bitter end. He went right along, regardless of a "happy ending" until he got to the justly popular Burne-Jones picture, upon which Stage Manager George Marion threw highly illuminating sidelights.

R. Hilliard as "The Husband."

No names were mentioned on the programme at the Liberty, but The Husband who sailed away on one of Mr. Thompson's sea-going ships had for a fellow passenger The Woman, who was none other than Kipling's thirsty lady of picture frame (beg pardon), fame. She looked like Valeska Suratt, but she wasn't in the vaudeville business. No, Oscar, no. Her specialty was tragedy.

A young fool who came to see her off wasn't feeling well. She said, "Kees muh, fool," but he preferred to shoot himself. He made a very neat job of it with smokeless powder, and so the deck-hand who pretended to sweep up his brains had no occasion to feel that The Vampire owed him anything. Having caught the eye of The Husband, whose Wife and Child and Friend had come down to wish him a pleasant voyage, The Vampire settled herself in her steamer chair without even a reporter to disturb her serenity.

That's the way the play started. Six weeks later The Wife was in her rose garden with The Child, and both were writing letters (with kisses enclosed) to The Husband. Something told you that he was neglecting his correspondence, and The Friend told you the rest in the way of fairy stories for which The Child had a natural appetite.

Everything led up to the last act. Here the play really took hold of you, and Mr. Robert Hilliard had his hour. Everything that had gone before counted for next to nothing. The Vampire had kissed The Child (heaven forgive Mr. Browne!), and other old, sentimental stage tricks had been turned again. Unlike Miss Grace George, further along the street, Miss Nanette Comstock, as The Wife, had locked pleasant and let things take their course. Sentiment had been given the right of way and common sense had gone to the dogs. Then, at last, something happened.


Katherine Kaelard as "The Woman."

The Husband came down from his room a moral, physical and alcoholic wreck. The Friend, acted by Mr. William Courtleigh with friendly but able-bodied vigor, soon saw that words were useless and emphasized what he had to say with his fist. To sober the husband he struck him again and again, and then dashed a glass of water in his face.

This made you change your mind about Browne. He wasn't pale-yellow after all. He believed in heroic measures. He lifted his play out of sickly sentimentality by giving it a crack on the jaw. His last act had more than the ordinary theatrical "punch" in it—it had real strength and what is known professionally as "daring." Moreover, the author had the courage of his convictions.

There was a weak moment in which the wife and child appeared again, but they left The Husband to his well-deserved fate. The Vampire swooped down upon him in an evening gown that was as dark as night. She was tired of him, but not too tired to say, "Kees muh, fool!" He tried to choke her, but his strength gave out, and he died at her feet. Curtain—living picture—Burne-Jones with a strong light.

"The Easiest Way" was reversed with a vengeance. The play gave the man all that was coming to him. He was a poor, weak thing who "took to" the vampire and then "took to drink." What's in a kiss?

Mr. Hilliard went down to ruin with flying colors. He evidently realized the opportunity that the last act offered and made the most of it. Before that he had been obliged to yield the honors to Mr. Courtleigh, but he played a waiting game and raked in the whole play at the end.

Little Emily Wurster won the heart of the audience as The Child. Miss Katherine Kaelard was a "showy" Vampire, though not exactly the picture an artist would paint. She was very nice about sprinkling red roses along the road to ruin. Any fool could see that.

### Timber the Ore Mined Here.

ONE of the most curious mines in the world is in Tongking, China, where, in a sand formation, at a depth of from fourteen to twenty feet, there is a deposit of the stems of trees. The Chinese work this mine for the timber, which is found in good condition, and is used in making coffins and troughs and for carving and other purposes.

# Why? Why? Why?

A Query for Girls

By Will B. Johnstone


Why has a man the perfect right,
When he is at a dance,
To hug a maiden in plain sight,
And no one look askance?

Now, if he tried that VERY hold
In any ot ar place,
Why would that maiden think him bold?
Why would she slap his face?

# Meditations of a Married Man

By Clarence L. Cullen

CLARENCE L. CULLEN

THE dodo and the dinosaurus used to be, even if they now are extinct. But the woman who would 'fess up when clearly in the wrong never was.

The only way to flag her when she essays to keep track of your doings by prying into your cash expenditures is to ring in the check book. Few women savvy check book stubs.

Odd, isn't it, that so many WOMEN WITH MISSIONS utterly fail to apprehend the elemental fact that the first and foremost reason why a man loves a woman is that she is a female?

*Some of the women who are writing about "How to Keep a Husband" obviously lose sight of the fact that a good many of 'em don't want to be kept.*

Occasionally you'll meet up with a clever woman who would be quite engaging if she only didn't strive to show you all of her cleverness within the space of five minutes, which striving causes her to sputter incoherently.

The peevish woman who raucously demands of her husband, "What kind of a wife do you want, anyhow?" would feel a bit less perky about it if she could only hear him saying to himself, "I don't want any wife at all, blast it!"

You are perfectly right, Angelique. A man should esteem character above beauty in a wife. But some men are so swinish as to demand both qualifications.

What Few Men Can Figure Out: Why it is that women who live their lives in the domain of smug respectability are so keen to find out all they can about women who are wholly outside the pale?

The women who, in giving their views about "How to Keep a Husband," write that "the man who is held captive by lingerie isn't worth having," don't appear to offer any "equally good" proposition wherewith to hold 'em captive.

Another Undesirable Citizeness is the woman who, sitting back of you at the theatre, munches peanut brittle throughout the performance and breathes asthmatically.

*It took a President of the United States to establish the Ananias Club, but the Sapphira Club organized itself.*

The woman who lies abed while her husband eats his breakfast is the first one to emit piercing squeaks when he comes home ten minutes late for dinner.

Even a woman who is trying to keep Lent will balk at the truth when pointedly asked by a catty friend if she hasn't had her hair touched up just a teeny-weeny little bit.

Now that the era of elbow-sleeved shirtwaists is all over, there can be no harm in whispering it that women with hairy or freckled or red forearms made a sad mistake in showing 'em.

The close psychological bond which unites men is indicated by the fact that nine out of ten of them are looney over slate-gray silk stockings, and buy that color for their women folks when they plunge.

Familiar Quotation: "Oh, if I only were a man, maybe I wouldn't—oh, la, la!"

### The Vanishing Rag Man.

"RAGS, bones, old iron!" is a cry not nearly so familiar to the children of to-day as to those of the eighties. For the ragman, like the chimney sweep and the sun-dial maker, is becoming extinct. His used to be a profitable trade. The woollen rags he bought, turned into shoddy, brought thrice their cost. So did the bones, which were ground up for fertilizer. So did the iron, which, when melted, lived again. Many millionaire manufacturing families had their beginnings in a long headed ragman. He first ground his rags into shoddy. Then he spun the shoddy into thread. Then, a full-fledged milliman, he wove the thread into cloth. But the municipalities of to-day contract with single firms for the disposal of their people's refuse, and the old ragman is disappearing because there is so little left for him. For—and this is the great secret—while the ragman made a grand profit on what he bought, it was on the refuse given him that he really throve.

# The Million Dollar Kid

By R. W. Taylor


# Booth Tarkington and Harry L. Wilson's Great Love Romance of an American Knight.

## The Man From Home

By Booth Tarkington and H. Leon Wilson

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Daniel Pike, a shrewd Indiana lawyer, secretly loves his ward, Ethel Simpson, who with her brother Horace is at Sorrento, Italy. Ethel and Horace have fallen into the snare of a group of fortune hunters, headed by the penniless Earl of Hawcastle. Ethel becomes engaged to Hawcastle's son, Almeric St. Aubyn, and Horace falls in love with the Earl's accomplice, the Countess of Champigny. Hawcastle demands that Ethel settle $100,000 on Almeric. Pike refuses to let her do so. He and a Russian Grand Duke (who is at Sorrento, incognito, under the name of Von Grollerhagen) find an escaped Russian convict, named Ivanoff. Hawcastle learns of this and threatens to send them to prison unless Pike will yield the $100,000. Pike refuses. The Grand Duke apparently leaves him to his fate. Ivanoff had been convicted through the testimony of his own wife and of an Englishman named Glenwood, who had been in business in Russia. Pike learns that the wife and Glenwood were the Countess of Champigny and Hawcastle. In the presence of the others Pike tells Ethel of Ivanoff and the blackmailing scheme. Hawcastle denies the charge. Pike summons Ivanoff from an inner room.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

### Face to Face!

IF the roof of the building had collapsed and had left the persons there assembled in the room confronting death itself, there could have been no more complete astonishment.

It was Horace who first appreciated the somberness of the crouching, terror-stricken woman upon the floor.

"Helene!" he whispered, but Pike stepped forward and waved him back.

"You stand back!" said the lawyer. "She's his wife!" and at the words Horace fairly staggered. Daniel went on, pointing to the cringing Hawcastle: "And there's his best friend."

The words seemed to rouse some of the fighting St. Aubyn instinct in the Earl, and his eyes flashed.

"It's a lie!" he cried hoarsely. "I never saw the man in all my life before."

"The lady seemed to recognize him," said Pike, grimly. "I guess you won't have to jab your memory too hard. It's only ten years to St. Petersburg—Mr. Glenwood!"

"Almeric, go for the police!" ordered the Earl.

"No—no!" cried the Countess. "I can't stand it!"

Pike laid his hand upon Ivanoff's shoulder and spoke loudly:

"Call 'em in! We're ready!"

Almeric, with a frightened glance around, stepped to the doors and threw them wide, calling as he reached the passage:

"Tell that officer to bring his men here!"

He turned and again entered the room, and Pike's face lit up, unpleasantly as he looked at him, then softened as he turned to Ethel.

"I want you always to remember that I consider it cheap at the price," he said.

There was a quick step without, and Von Grollerhagen entered, followed by Ribiera. For an instant he glanced about the circle, and then spoke in a clear ringing voice.

"There will be no arrests to-night, my friends," he said, and at the words Hawcastle sneered openly.

"This man goes, too!" he declared violently. "Call those carabinier!" he reiterated to Almeric.

Von Grollerhagen smiled sweetly and raised his hand deprecatingly.

"The officer is not there. You see, the carabinieri have been withdrawn." He turned to Daniel. "For you, my friend, I have relinquished my incognito." Pike stared at him uncompromisingly, and the German turned to Lord Hawcastle.

"This man Ivanoff," he said, "is in my custody."

For a moment the two men measured each other, and then Hawcastle burst out violently:

"By whose authority? Do you know you are speaking to the Earl of Hawcastle?"

Von Grollerhagen smiled. Ribiera stepped forward and addressed Hawcastle directly.

"More respect, sir!" he cried. "You are addressing the Grand Duke Vasili of Russia!"

Hawcastle paled and fairly staggered into the arms of his son, who recled from the shock. The others stared uncomprehendingly, and Pike looked up with a curious frightened look upon his lean face. Quite slowly he moved to a table and rested a hand upon it, and with the other caressed his chin. His eyes were looking straight ahead and he murmured in awe-struck tones:

"Good Lord! And think what—why, I've been callin' him—'Doc!'"

The Grand Duke perceived the agitation on Pike's face and came forward to take his hand.

"My friend," he said gently. "It has been refreshing." He spoke to Ribiera. "I shall take the man Ivanoff's statement in writing. Bring him to me, with you!"

He turned on his heel quickly and went off through the door on the other side of the room that led to his private chamber. When he had gone Ribiera touched Ivanoff on the shoulder as a signal, and the stricken man arose. One glance he cast upon the guilty woman who shrank so shiveringly into a corner as he gazed upon her, and then said:

"I would not touch you—even to strangle you!" and then to the thunderstruck Hawcastle he said:

"God will let me pay my debt to the Earl of Hawcastle!"

In an instant he was gone, and Hawcastle, pale with rage and anguish, strode forward to Pike, who was smiling.

"Why, you"—the Earl began, but Daniel raised his hand. He spoke softly, even genially.

"Oh, I hated to hand you this, my lord," he said. "I didn't come over here to make the fine flower of Europe any more trouble than they've got. But I had to show John Simpson's daughter, and I reckon now she ain't wantin' any alliance with the remnants of Crecy and Agincourt."

From the other side of the sofa, where she had been sobbing on her brother's shoulder, Ethel came tremblingly.

"I have no choice," she said slowly. "You see, I gave Almeric my promise when I thought it an honor to bear his name. Now that you have shown me that it is a shame to bear it the promise is only more sacred. You see, the shame is not his fault, is it? You—want—me—to—be—honorable,—don't—you?"

When he had finished Daniel was leaning well back on the table.

"Your father and mother—both—came from Missouri, didn't they?"

He sighed heavily and she hung her head. Hawcastle looked toward the open door of the room, and touched his son upon the shoulder. When they had reached the door the Earl looked back and shook his fist at Pike.

"You haven't heard the last of this, curse you!" he said, and disappeared quickly. Lady Creech, who had been in a semi-swooning condition, came suddenly out of her trance and gazed sharply about her.

"Don't mumble your words," she said sharply, and rose to her feet. With a withering glance at Pike, she turned to Ethel.

"Come my dear," she said. "This terrible place is not for you. Let us go."

Horace came suddenly to life and closed his drooping jaw. He stepped forward and faced the old lady.

"My sister will remain for a time, Lady Creech," he said. "I will look after her—in the future."

Lady Creech put up her lorgnette and stared at him, and with a haughty sniff left the room with the air of a conqueror. Pike gazed after her whimsically.

"There goes the last of the empresses," he said, and looked down at his feet.

Twice Ethel essayed to speak, and twice she put out her hand in his direction, and both times she failed. Then, with a choking little sob, she picked up her dress and fairly ran from the room. Horace followed her quickly, and still Pike stood there in an attitude of incomprehension.

The point he had striven for had failed. He had shown this girl the true rottenness of the people she had tried so hard to ally herself with, and the knowledge had failed to move her. His brilliant plan had recoiled upon his own head, and had resulted in more firmly implanting a sense of duty in her heart. He saw no way out now. At first it had been a desire—now it had become a duty, and he wondered if he had the right to withhold from her her patrimony.

It was not until he saw a dark figure with a bag in its hand walk quickly down the steps and out through the entrance garden; not until he had heard the creak of carriage springs, and the muttered directions, and then the crunch of the wheels that he awoke. He called a passing servant—Mariano it proved to be, and questioned him.

"Who was that?" he asked.

Mariano bowed deeply.

"It is Milor the Earl of Hawcastle," he replied. "He has gone to keep the appointment he have made some days since at Napoli, it is said."

(To Be Continued.)

# The Little Journeys of GLADYS

## As Told to the Intelligence Lady.

*The Near Bohemians Get on the Nerves of a Perfect Lady.*

By Lindsay Denison.

LINDSAY DENISON

"SAY, Mis' Blowse," said Gladys to the Intelligence Lady, "never send me to one of these 'Bohemian' families again. The kind that they have down around Washington Square in $100-a-week furnished apartments. I ducks those henceforth."

"Gladys," said the Intelligence Lady, looking up stonily through her gold-rimmed glasses, "you forget yourself! There is none too many patrons of this establishment as liberal with their money as the Goldbrueckers. What, in your opinion, has they done that is unworthy of my clientee?"

"Lemme tell you before you get het up, Mis' Blowse," protested Gladys, who looked worn. Her eyes were red with recent tears. "As you told me, he is head leather buyer for the Shoe Trust, and says he is personally acquainted with the best literary and artistic circles and a prominent member of the Pleiades Club. Bunk! Mis' Blowse, if you'll pardon my plain words, bunk!

"Bohemians? The Goldbrueckers ain't no Bohemians. I know. Cause my mother cooked for a bunch of Bohemians onct, out near Altoona, that was working for a contractor friend of my father. Them Altoona Bohemians was self-respecting, hard working, and quite different.

"My suspicion was aroused last Saturday night when there was no mention of my wages. I hates to ask. But I had to. And Mis' Goldbruecker, she laughs kind of foolish. 'Oh, dear,' she says, 'we're so Bohemian, we never has a thought for money.' Then she works the combination of a safe in the corner of the dining room and drags out a roll of bills big as your fist and argues with me for an hour whether we agreed on $6 a week or $24 a month. And I miss my date with the friend which was going to take me to the circus.

"But it was the doings of last night that got me. They was giving a literary party. There was a artist there who makes pictures for magazines on the back covers about shaving soaps. He had a swell young lady friend whom he called 'my model,' but she told me confidential that she was a cloak demonstrator in a big store. Then there was a young feller just out of college who is a automobile agent on commission. Mis' Goldbruecker told me private they didn't think much of him, but they had to tolerate him to get the use of his demonstrating car.

"He comes in last, he sings out, 'Let the maidens have vine leaves in their hair. Bring me Falernian wine in goat skins!'

"With that Mr. Goldbruecker jumps and has an idea. And he gets me and the Missus into her bedroom and says why can't they fix me up like a Back Aunty or some such heathen thing, in a pink union suit and the smilax trimmings from off the table. I will say this for Mrs. Goldbruecker—she was 'most as put out as I was. But he was all for it none the less, and finally it came down to my wearing a white lawn summer dress ot hern with a short skirt and putting the smilax in my hair. If it hadn't been for you, I'd never a stood for even that much, Mis' Blowse! But that ain't the worst!

"When I was fixed up the fool way they wanted me to be do you know what they done? They brought me a hot-water bag full of claret, and they wanted me to serve the wine from that! And I don't care what you say, Mis' Blowse, could a self-respecting working girl stay there any longer than it took her to get her street clothes on? I don't know what New York's coming to, honest I don't!"

"Nor me," said the Intelligence Lady. "And seeing as you stayed long enough for me to get my guarantee money, Gladys, I don't see as I have any quarrel with you at all. You're a brave, good girl."

# MY "CYCLE OF READING"

By Count Tolstoy

Translated by Herman Bernstein ☘ Copyrighted by Herman Bernstein

### Help.

MAR. 25.

*PEOPLE help one another. People cannot live without such help. But this help must be mutual. Yet our life is so arranged that some extend this help, while others merely avail themselves of this help for the purpose of destroying life.*

*A MAN cannot live without making use of the work done by others in the past as well as in the present, and, therefore, it is obvious that man, working for others, should try to give as much as he takes.*

*There is not a single human being that can weigh and determine how much he takes and how much he gives in return; therefore, every human being should strive to take as little as possible and give as much as possible so as not to remain in debt.*

ACQUIRING any object and making use of it, remember that it is a product of human labor, and that in wasting, spoiling or destroying it you are destroying the work, you are wasting human life.

It matters not what mediators stand between you and the object acquired, the object was made by your fellowman whose labor you are obliged to respect. You can express this respect only by your careful treatment of the product of your brother's labor.—Ruskin.

*NOT only should there be mutual help among human beings, but it must also be realized by them. And those people who accept help from their brethren should repay it not only in money, but in respect, gratitude and friendship.*

# May Manton's Daily Fashions.

SIMPLE little one-piece dresses are the most practical and serviceable that a girl can wear. They can be made from washable material or from wool, and they are always becoming and childish in effect, while they involve very little labor in the making. This one is cut to give the long lines that are so generally becoming, and is made from one of the pretty inexpensive, printed wash fabrics, with bands of plain white and pearl buttons as trimming. There are a great many pretty washable materials woven with narrow borders this season, however, and these would be admirably adapted to the design, while the list of linens, chambrays, percales and the like is very nearly limitless.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (12 years) is 5 7-8 yards 24, 4 3-4 yards 32 or 3 1-2 yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard of plain material 27 inches wide for trimming.

Girl's Dress—Pattern No. 6287.

Pattern No. 6287 is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10, 12 and 14 years of age.

**How to Obtain These Patterns.** Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 132 East Twenty-third street, or send by mail to No. 132 West Twenty-seventh street. Send 10 cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.